FRENCH SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Notes on Convent Life by an American Stu dent-Peculiar Meals and Methods. New York Commercial Advertiser.

The contrast between the life of our liberty-loving, well-dressed, well-fed and unwatched American school-girl and the hampered existence of the French girl is much more marked than one who has not attended school in both countries can well imagine. Would any of our free-born girls tamely submit to the constant espionage under which the French girl must dwell? Even in the middle and poorer classes young girls are never allowed to walk alone to their day schools. When too poor to afford a servant, they must be accompanied by one or the other of their parents. This constant surveillance of their daughters makes sad inroads upon the time of the small tradesmen, who, morning and evening, must accompany their Maries, and Celestines, and Antoinettes to and from their school. We Americans used to watch with the greatest curiosity the comings and goings of the day pupils to one convent school in Paris, and wondered how these well-watched beings would feel if they could be allowed to wander unattended through the streets as we are in far-off America. "Charlotte," I asked one day of a girl whose father kept a glove shop in the next street, "why must your father leave his affairs twice a day to conduct you to and from school?" "Because mamma is too ill to come with me. "Well, can you not even walk two blocks alone?" "Alone," she echoed. "But no. how could I go alone into the streets until after I am married?" "I pity you; I do, indeed, my poor child. You have no idea of what fun is. I would not stand it. I should simply run away and have a good long walk all by myself." "Oh no, you would not if you were a French girl, because then you would be considered—not nice, but," with a shrug, "as you are American it would be allowed in you. Madame la Superiore would never give us the liberty she allows to you Americans."

It is very true that Madame la Superiore did give us more liberty. We were two Americans, one Scotch and one English girl, and I think she was secretly glad when we demanded a little table to ourselves in one corner of the refectory, for she feared our influence upon the other girls who sat at the long table. She well knew that though these meals were taken in silence, we were capable of speaking volumes in glances. How often I have watched those girls, ranging in ages from six to eighteen years, file into the refectory after early mass, from which we were excused, and seat themselves with the most could not get reconciled to this nakedness complacent and satisfied air imaginable be fore their plates of thin soup, for this, with one roll, composed their entire breakfast. At our little table, where we had coffee, fresh butter and rolls, we contemptuously called this broth "hot water, with a cab-bage-leaf floating in each plate," and, indeed, that is what it appeared to be. But it was well seasoned and hot, and these uncomplaining girls broke bits of their hard rolls into it, and ate it with every appearance of relish.

It is a popular fiction that a French breakfast consists of rolls and coffee, but the truth is that hot soup forms the far more usual breakfast of the masses. Especially in the tradesmen's quarters of Paris this hot broth is made and sold in booths at every street-corner. But to return to the convent school. The noon and evening meals of hot meat, vegetables and salad were bountiful enough to compensate for the frugal early breakfast, and in addition each girl had for the middle of the afternoon a goute of one roll which she was allowed to eat in the garden at recreation. With it, if she were so fortunate as to be able to buy it, or have it given to her, there would be a slab of chocolate. I was struck with the exceeding contentment of these girls at their fare; never a word of complaint left their lips, nor a thought of any-

thing better entered their heads. In their studies, even more than in their food, do these girls differ from us. To them elegance of diction, and a knowledge of the history and literature of their own France are of the first, and I might say almost only, importance. Dry studies, involving mathe matics, or logic, or physics, or anything that requires deep thinking, are skipped over in their peduliar airy way, and a knowledge of the world in general is the last thing a French girl cares to have. "Paris and France-France and Paris"this is her world, and of the world outside she has but the most contused ideas. America? Yes, she knows of that great country, but North and South America are one to her. "Do you not salute your emperor when you walk in the streets of New York?" said one to me. "Our emperor! We have no emperor. My country is free," I answered. "No emperor! Who, then, is Dom Pedro? I have heard that he is the emperor of Amerique." Useless were my endeavors to explain to her the difference between the two great worlds of North and South America. America re-mained to her light little French head but one small territory, no larger than her own

Their studies are constantly interrupted for the preparation of plays, their appetite for comedies being perfectly insatiable. During the weeks of preparation for these plays the recitations are gone through as a mere form; from teacher to pupil all are occupied with costumes and poses for the eventful evening when, with parents and frends to look on, the young girls appear upon the boards of their little school-room

That French girls dress exquisitely during their school life is another popular fallacy. They do nothing of the kind. Where the plain black uniforms prescribed by convent schools are not worn, only the simplest stuff gowns are seen, and absolutely no jewelry. It is after she emerges from school that the French girl develops into the woman of fashion. Sometimes a latent coquetry is seen among the older girls in the arrangement of their hair and the tidiness of their high-heeled boots, but they are practising for that near day when they leave school

The slang that is said to have so large a part in the language of American girls is by no means lacking in French school-rooms, and some of their remarks are even more expressive than ours. "You make me tired." says the American girl. "You turn my blood," says the French girl.

A RUSSIAN REPORT ON TOLSTOL.

Official Investigation Into the Effect of His

Works Upon the Russian People. A report has been published by a Russian government official concerning the effects of Tolstoi's books on the Russian nation. They wanted to know at St. Petersburg exactly what influence the ideas of "Kathia," "Anna Karenina," and their companions have had upon the Russian sub-jects with whom those books came in con-

"The propaganda of Count Toistoi's moral ideas and general views," says the report.
"are still in progress, although not with the ardor and energy of last year. In 1887 Count Tolstoi lived mostly in Moscow, and therefore could not exercise his personal influence so much as formerly over the peasants of Jasna Poljana. While there, however, he plowed and mowed with the peasants, and showed them how to do many other things. So, for instance, he taught them how to thatch their huts and blacken their stoves. This work he did for the most part on holidays. He was no longer in a position to help them with money and the like, since his eldest sons opposed themselves deter-minedly to the expenditure. Oral instruction has never been attempted by Count Tolstoi. His doctrines are usually taught by his chosen followers. His favorite method of spreading his ideas at present is the distribution of tracts among the

peasants. Since this report was made a chronic liver trouble has almost completely incapacitated Count Tolstoi for mowing. plowing or thatching huts. Despite his prejudice against doctors, whom he had so roundly denounced in all his recent works, his wife has compelled him to receive medical attendance and to take medicine. Through her his physician has prevented him from doing manual labor. In his literary work, however, not even the iron will and influence of the Countess has been able

Tolstoi has just completed a "Sequel to the Kreutzer Sonata," and is beginning a work concerning drunkenness. He is also in the middle of a "realistic romance in which a new-fashioned, emancipated Russian young woman will play the leading In speaking of all three works Tolstoi has lamented bitterly his inability to place his own undistorted views before the world. As his books are forbidden in Russia, and the foreign translations are beyond his control, he feels, he says, that he has no accurate medium of communication with the public. The translations of "The Kreutzer Sonata" have tried his patience

ognition." The English translation by Dillon he thought about the best. The originals of all the works he has published without the permission of the Russian press censor are in the hands of M. Tschertkoff, a Moscow dealer in autographs. ReportKoff, a Moscow dealer in autographs. ReportTolstoi's family consists of his wifer and
nine children, the eldest, Count Sergei,
twenty-eight years old, and the youngest a
baby in the crib. His family do not sympathize fully with his socialistic ideas.
Only their hitter opposition dissuaded Nim Only their bitter opposition dissuaded him a few years ago from giving all his property to his fellow-countrymen. The Counters Sophie's iron will is said to have been the deciding influence in this matter, too. Count Tolstoi got partly even with her, however, by giving up tobacco and meat, adopting the continue of a necessity making adopting the costnme of a peasant, making all his journeys on foot, and leaving to her the administration of his large estate. A man who recently visited him denies that he has ever tried to spread his gospel among the peasants by means of tracts. Such attempts would be fruitless, the man says, for the simple reason that "probably not a

DRESS IN THE FAR EAST. Natives of China and Japan Wear Clothing

single peasant in that country knows how

Adapted to the Summer Weather. Frank G. Carpenter, in Philadelphia Press.

The question of keeping cool is largely a matter of dress. Mr. Rockhill, the American who pushed his way into Thibet last year, wore a Chinese costume during the journey, and he tells me it is far cooler than the American. All the nations of the East dress much better in this respect than we do. The Japanese, during the summer, has practically nothing but a cotton gown to cover his person, and his legs are bare. If he is a working man, or one of the poorer classes, he takes off every stitch of clothing with the exception of a cloth around the loins, and trusts to the tatooed marks on his back and legs to cover his nakedness. This mode of dressing is now prohibited in the cities, but it is not at all uncommon in the country, and in going through Japan you see both women and men clad in a dress not much more extensive than that worn by Adam and Eve in the garden. A woman who washes clothes thinks nothing of pulling he dress down to the waist, and the man who pulls your jinriksha into the country frequently takes off his clothes and runs naked, with the exception of his loin cloth.

One of the nicest old foreign ladies in of the people. Whenever a jinriksha man attempted to take off his coat, or his shirt, when he was pulling her carriage she de-cidedly objected, and, when she first came to Japan, I am told that she often stopped the pretty little Jap girls on the streets, and pinned their dresses close up to the throat, telling them that it was immodest to show so much of their bosoms. The Chinese pantaloons are very full, and no one wears drawers. The Korean has pants so baggy that they will reach clear up to his neck though he fastens them about his waist and the Korean woman wraps her skirts around ber bosom just under the arms, and there is often six inches of brown skin showing between this and the little sacque which covers her shoulders. A Siamese working woman frequently wears nothing over her shoulders and breasts, and she wraps the cloth about her waist and pulls it through the legs, tucking it in at the back in such a way that her limbs are bare to the knees. It is the same with the Malay woman, as far as the upper part of the dress is concerned, and over in Borneo you will see plump, round girls with little more than a breech-clout to cover their nakedness. The Burmese woman dresses in the finest of silks. but her dress consists of one long piece, which she wraps around her waist and lets fall to her feet. This is tied at the front, and the opening is at this place, but the girls have from long practice acquired a graceful kicking with the feet by which they are enabled to keep their gowns together and avoid any exposure of the person. They wear sacques, and are the brightest and prettiest women of the East. A greater part of the Indians, both men and women, dress in white cotton sheets, and the common people of Egypt wear blue cotton gowns. As to children, those of the Orient wear practically

MACKENZIE A BUSY MAN.

How the Great London Physician Utilizes Every Minute of the Day.

Boston Herald's London Letter. It is said in the profession that no physician in London receives so many patients in his consulting-room as Sir Morell Mackenzie. They come not only from every part of England, but from every part of the world, and the list includes royalties and nobles, as well as commoners. In addition to the patients who call, there are the patients who must be called upon. And then you may say the work is but begun. For a man whose working days are very long, Sir Morell is an early riser. He has breakfasted, read his mail and morning apers and is out of the house by 9 o'clock. He reserves the hour from 9 to 10 for a few urgent cases which require a timely morning visit. Returning home, he receives patients in his consulting-room for the next four hours. All who call before 2 o'clock may have audiences with him. At 2 he lunches with his family. But there may be a dozen persons waiting at that hour. and they must be attended to after lunch Then he enters his carriage and makes his round of calls. If he reaches home by 7:30 he thinks he has done well. After dinner he goes through his correspondence, and perhaps finishes a scientific medical works. He rarely dismisses his secretary before 11 o'clock, and he is generally at his own desk until midnight. I was much amused one day when he showed me his "arrangement," as he calls

it. His "arrangement" consists of two con-sulting-rooms, connected by a narrow pas-sage, closed at each end by swinging doors. During "office hours" the reception-room is certain to be filled with patients. The caller, in his order of arrival, is shown by a polite man servant into one of the consulting rooms. Presently Sir Morrell enters, greets the patient, discusses the "case," and, when the discussion is at an end touches a hidden signal, to which an at-tendant responds, as the great physician bows courteously to the departing visitor. and then disappears through his "private exit" to the second consulting-room, where another patient is in waiting. When this "case has been disposed of," Sir Morell retreats again to to the first room, to which a third visitor has meanwhile been admitted, and during this interview a fourth caller is shown to an adjourning apartment. Thus, Sir Morell is never kept waiting, and thus he saveshis own time. as well as the time of his patients. "Like a pantomime, isn't it?" said he as he gave me a practical illustration of the efficacy of his "arrangement." "I am continually appearing and disappearing through doors." But the visiting patient sees no evidence of the pressure that is upon the genial doctor—the arrangement is so perfect, the po-lite attendants are so throughly trained, and Sir Morell's manner is so cordial and attentive. "This little passage saves me at least an hour and a haif every day," said

THE MONKEY PUZZLE.

in his keen brown eyes.

the famous physician, with a merry twinkle

A Tree Which Shakes the Simian Off When

He Tries to Climb It. The wonderful hydranges plants of Mr. F. W. Dammann, No. 731 West Lanvale street, are now in the height of their beauty, and attract much attention. The plants are two in number, one on each side of the main entrance to the house, and immediately in front of the parlor windows. Each plant is 27 feet in circumference, 5 feet high, and has about 360 blooms. These blooms are about 8 inches in diameter, and of the most exuisite shade of pink and blue. The hydrangeas are supposed to have been planted in 1835 by the late David Stewart, who built the residence they help to adorn. The manner in which the extensive grounds about Mr. Dammann's house are arranged excites much comment. A great variety of landscape is given in about an acre of land. There are original-growth caks, fountains, and many choice trees of foreign and native growth. Among the recent importations planted out are two specimens of the famous "monkey puzzle," a tree of striking appearance, that is frequently seen in the well-kept lawns of England. When a monkey starts to climb a tree its

before he can complete the ascent. Excursion to Niagara Falls \$5, Toronto \$6,

contortions bring him again to the ground

THE VETERANS' CENSUS.

Unsatisfactory Result of the Attempt to Se cure Records of the Services of Soldiers. W. B. S., in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The greatest trouble which the office wil have with incomplete schedules lies in

direction wholly unexpected. The old soldier census has not resulted satisfactorily. When the law providing for the census was passed the idea of incorporating with it a directory of the survivors of the late civil war was suggested. The Grand Army posts took up the suggestion and urged it. Congress readily fell in with the idea. So it was arranged that the enumeration should include a special schedule for old soldiers. Whenever the enumerator encountered an old soldier he was to put to him certain questions. The length of service, the organizations served in-these and like points of interest were to be obtained. To encourage the enumeration in thoroughness with the old soldier schedules it was provided that they should receive 5 cents a namedouble the usual compensation-for each old soldier scheduled.

A hasty examination of large numbers of schedules received shows that the old soldier census has been a partial failure. The enumerators have been able to find the old soldiers, but they have not been able to get satisfactory answers to the old soldier questions. One reason given for the failure is found in the lack of memory on the part of the veterans. The old soldiers remember that they "fit," but how long they fought or in what regiments and brigades the schedules do not show. Fully two-thirds of the schedules examined are sadly deficient in supplying the desired information about the old soldier. It is probable that the enumerator in most instances saw some member of the veteran's family who knew that the husband or father had been in the war, but who did not know the number of the regiment or the length of service. So the enumerator simply put down "yes" in reply to the query about having been in the army and "don't remember" for the other questions, and called that the old soldiers' enumeration. The information isn't worth

the 5 cents it costs the government.

The object of this old soldiers' census may as well be stated. It is proposed that the Census Office shall get out a complete directory of those who fought on the Union side of the civil war, and who are now living. The Census Office estimate is that this directory will fill eight or ten volumes, of 1,000 pages each. The directory will give the name, address, rank, time of service and

formation gathered by the enumerators. It was expected to turn out the complete set of eight or ten volumes within the coming eighteen months. But it now appears from the schedules cursorily examined that the big work on the old soldiers' census is yet to be done. A directory made up from only such data as the schedules furnished would e a farce. To carry out the idea which Congress had in view when the old soldiers' census was provided for the census officials will have to supplement these schedules with a vast amount of research among the War Department records. It is not at all certain that the missing information can be obtained in that way. There is already some talk at the Census Office that a force of special agents may be necessary to scat-ter over the country and collect the data which the enumerators missed. Perhaps the plan will be to fill out the old soldier chedules, as far as can be done, from the War Department rolls, and then complete them through special agents. This directory of survivors of the war will interest the old soldiers. It will be of great help to the various organizations veterans. There will be millions in it some pension attorney if he can get hold of

A TOT'S LONG TRIP.

advance sheets of the directory.

to Boston-Material for a Romance.

Baby of Four Years Bound from Kansas City Kansas City Times. On the east-bound Sante Fe train which left the Union Depot last night at 10:25 was a passenger who attracted more than an ordinary share of attention. He was Harry Cole, and his destination was Boston, Mass. These facts were gained from a red tag on his back. It was not because he was mentally or physically deficient that he was thus tagged, for a glance at his bright eyes and intelligent face would dispel any such idea, but because of his lack of experience in traveling. He is four years old, and is to make the entire trip from Kansas City to Boston accompanied only by a friendly lunch basket and his winning disposition. One day about three years ago there knocked at the door of Mr. C. A. Earle, 1621 Campbell street, a lady elegantly dressed and bearing an infant in her arms She explained to Mrs. Earle that she wished to leave her child with some kind people while she went on a very hurried and important visit to Canada. She would pay well and regularly for his board, and only wished to leave the baby a very few weeks, when she would call for it. The trust was accepted by the Earles and money came regularly to pay its board, but the weeks lengthened into months and finally three years had rolled by and no demand was made for the child. Last week Earle received instructions to deliver the boy to the agent of the Santa Fe railroad and to prepare him for the journey to Boston. The reader may weave such a romance around these facts as suits his fancy. Mr. Earle was very reticent about further information concerning the little fellow and his parentage, but it was learned from another source that the mother is a vaudeville actress of some note in Eastern cities. Her stage name is Princess Chinquilla, and the letter of inactions to accompany the boy stated that he was to be delivered to Mrs. May Cole upon his arrival in Boston. The little fellow had been well cared for, as his clean face and kilt skirts indicated. The foster father and mother wept copious tears of unassumed grief as they bade their charge good-bye. The little fellow enjoyed the prospect of fun, and kissed his hand to the reporter as the train pulled out for Chicago.

MRS. LESLIE'S NEAT FOOT.

She Tells How It Captured De Leuville's Heart-A Fickle Sweetheart.

New York Special to Philadelphia Record. The deep interest in the affairs of Mrs. Frank Leslie and the Marquis De Leuville. who have been so often engaged to be married, according to Dame Rumor, and who have been at least very warm friends for some years, is not lessened by the explana-tions of the Marquis and of Mrs. Leslie. Indeed, so singular and naive is the latter's story that people are smiling broadly. A London correspondent found that licenses had actually been issued from the registrar's office for the couple's marriage on two different occasions, once in August, 1889, and again on July 10, the present year. The Marquis was seen by the correspondent, and asserted forcibly in explanation of Mrs. Leslie's denial that they were ever engaged: "This is only a lover's quarrel. Of course,

if Mrs. Leslie says we are not engaged and never have been, I cannot, as a gentleman, deny it. But never mind." This explanation did not explain to the satisfaction of everybody, and at last Mrs. Leslie consented to be interviewed, and a curious article it makes. She tells all about how she first met the Marquis, when she had been a widow a year, and when compelled to descend from an \$80,000-a-year life to stuffy apartments in a boarding-house, while mercenary relatives fought her husband's will. She was then very poor. "In the darkest of these dark times," said Mrs. Leslie, "I was introduced to the Marquis De Leuville by Lady Duffield Hardy, who was then living in Forty-ninth street. The way our acquaintance came about was rather romantic. It seems the Marquis was passing Lady Hardy's house one day just as I was stepping from a cab opposite her door with the intention of making a call. I was dressed

in the deepest black and wore a veil which completely covered my face. He stopped a second and then moved on as I went up the steps. I did not see him at all, but some time later Lady Hardy introduced him to me, saying that he had desired to make my acquaintance. Later on in our acquaintance the Marquis told me that he had not known of the existence of Mrs. Frank Leslie, but that the lady shrouded in black, who dismounted from the cab at Lady Hardy's door, had attracted his attention and admiration on account of the small and daintily-shaped foot that emerged from her skirts when she stepped

to the pavement. Mrs. Lesli e blushed deeply as she said this, and hastened to add, parenthetically: "You see, the Marquis De Lenville had lived all his life in England, and all En-

long in the country, or he wouldn't have thought my feet exceptional. Anyway, that don't matter. He asked Lady Hardy to introduce him to the lady who called on her that day, and lady Hardy took an early occasion to do so."

Mrs. Leslie then goes on to tell how, one night, she accidentally pulled off her wedding ring with her glove at Lady Hardy's house. There was a general search, but the ring could not be found. "Finally," she says, "just before we separated, the Marquis put an exquisite ring, studded with diamonds, upon my ringless finger, and said, in the presence of the whole com-pany, that he would replace the loss. I protested, saying that the ring I lost was a wedding ring. "But this is a wedding ring," said the

Marquis earnestly. Mrs. Leslie continues her history of their acquaintaince and friendship and the Marquis's frequent appeals for her hand, admitting that they kept up a correspondence after the Marquis had returned to London, and that she one day took a sudden notion and cabled him that she would marry him. He came back to New York, but she does not explain why she suddenly changed her mind. She tells of her dropping into London at the time of the lawsuit over the Marquis's play, and extended him sympa-

Thus she concludes: "It is a shame that he has been charged with following me for my money, for he first asked me to be his wife when I was penniless. All contrary reports which have appeared in the papers frequently in the past are entirely false. But I want it understood that I am not engaged to the Marquis de Leuville."

'And about the marriage licenses?" "I do not care to say anything more upon the subject."

SPECTRAL SHIPS.

The Dutch and German Legends Concerning the Phantoms of the Sea.

Chambers's Journal. An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn (not Good Hope) against a head gale. He swore he would do it, and when the storm increased laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe and drank his beer, even throwing overboard some of the men who tried to make him put the ship about. The Holy Ghost descended on the deck, but he fired a pistol at it, whereupon his arm became paralyzed.
Then he cursed God and was immediately condemned by the apparation to navigate al-Until the schedules began to come in it was supposed that this directory could be rapidly and easily compiled from the inand to carry warning of ill-fortune to the luckless mariner. It is he who sends the white squalls and sudden tempests. If he visits a ship, all the wine and beer turns sour and all the food becomes beans, which sailors hate. Nothing must be taken from his hand, for the person who touches anything he has touched is lost. His ship is manned by all the old sinners of the sea, thieves, murderers, pirates and cowards, who eternally toil and suffer, and have little to eat and drink. Thus the phantom ship is the purgatory of the wicked

> A phantom ship is known to Baltic sail ors as the "Carmilhan," and the captain of her is called Klabotermann. This ship, also, is always trying without success to double the cape; and when sailors see her, with Klabotermann sitting on the bowsprit, dressed in yellow, wearing a nightcap and smoking a short pipe, they know that their vessel is doomed. It is curious that almost all the spectral heroes of these legends—at least, of the most popular of them—are Dutchmen. But the fact seems to be that the legend is German in its origin, and has become attached in sailor yarns to Dutchmen either because, to Jack, a Dutchman and a Deutcher are the same thing, or because the Dutch were the most famous and daring of navigators. The German story is given by different authorities with variations, but briefly it is this: A baron called Falkenberg murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passion-

> ate jealousy, and went forth from his home with the curse thundering in his ears that he should for evermore wander toward the north. At the seashore he found a boat awaiting him with one man in it, who simply said, "Expectamus te." Falkenberg entered the boat and was conveyed to a spectral bark lying in the harbor. He boarded her, and she sailed away with him against the wind. On board that ship he still plows the northern seas, forever playing dice with the spectral crew for his soul The ship is painted gray, has colored sails, a white flag, and flames issue from her masthead at night so that she is easily identified by any vessel that may happen to "speak" her! For six hundred years this spectral bark has roamed the German ocean, and is still, it is said in the German story to be seen, always heading northward, without helm or helmsman.

THE RUSH FOR PENSIONS Nearly a Quarter of a Million Applications

Under the Disability Bill. Persons who are entitled, or think they are entitled, to pensions under the recent disability act are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet. The bill became a law on June 27, and from that time to the present the Pension Office has received and acknowledged 206,000 applications for pensions. It is estimated that there are at least 20,000 applications in the office the receipt of which has not been acknowledged. An estimate was made when the bill was before Congress that there would be about 300,000 cases which would come under its provisions. It is not supposed that all the cases filed will be favorably acted upon by the Pension Office, but it is thought that the rush of applications is about over.

The activity of the claim agents of this city and the extent of the increase in their business in consequence of the recent pension act may be inferred from the fact that for the quarter ending with June 30 the receipts of the Washington city postoffice increased 33 per cent., and a postoffice official says that the increase thus far for the month of July is proportionaly greater than for the preceding months. The enormous growth is due entirely to the mail matter sent out by the claim agents to pensioners and those who are entitled to pensions, urging them to make applica-tions under the disability law. The sale of two-cent stamps to a single pension agent has been as high as \$5,000 in one transaction. Some of the agents send their printed circulars under a 1-cent stamp, but the more clever ones use the sealed envelope and a 2-cent stamp, knowing that under the great pressure of business firstclass matter has preference over the other classes. In addition to the circular letters, one agent, who publishes a weekly paper here, sent out in one week a million copies of his paper, containing urgent appeals for applications under the new law. A clerk in the Pension Office is authority for the statement that the principal claim agent in this city has a business with the office which yields him a daily income of from \$1,700 to \$2,700 in fees. It is mainly due to these claim agents that the granting of ad-ditional pensions is pushed with so much vigor each year in Congress. So long as the law permits these persons to charge liberal fees for acting as attorneys this

pressure will doubtless continue. The Behring Sea Question. This whole controversy about Behring sea can be summarized in a few words. Russia not only claimed, but maintained exclusive jurisdiction over it, and whatever rights she possessed were transferred to the United States. Now, we either have entire control over the sea and the fisheries or we have not. If we have, no Canadian or British vessel has the right to capture a single seal, and it is the duty of the govout. If we have not, there is nothing more for us to do but to fold our hands or to unite with Great Britain in an effort to prevent indiscriminate slaughter. That is the whole question in a nut-shell. What are we going to do about it? Probably just what Great Britain would do under similar circumstances-stand up for our rights and

maintain them. What Life Would Be on Them.

Washington Star. By the wonderful discovery of an Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, it seems that both Venus and Mercury turn but once on their axes during a revolution around the sun. In the case of the former this fact means that in the beautiful planet the people-in there be people there-are either in perpetual sunshine or eternal midnight. It is glish ladies have very large and ungainly | phere is known to be one-third denser than | before the Sultan tastes it. This is to

THE WAYS OF NAPOLEON. How the Great Man Conducted Himself in the Privacy of His Drawing-Room.

Napoleon, we are told, was dressed every morning by the valet in attenuace. He did not don a single garment himself; eventually, however, he was induced to shave himself. It happened in this wise: In 1803 the head valet, Hambard, pleaded ill health as an excuse for not accompanying his master to Boulogne. "Who is to shave me?" asked Napoleon, for Hambard had regularly discharged this duty. Ham-bard suggested Constant, who foreseeing this emergency, had been diligently taking lessons on humbler chins and had acquired proficiency. He had no easy task, for Napoleon, while undergoing the operation, would talk, read the newspapers, and fidget in his chair, sometimes sitting as stiff as a statute and declining to bend his head an inch. Great care was necessary to avoid cutting his face.

Another peculiarity was that he insisted on one side being lathered and shaved before the other side was touched. When Constant got free enough with him to venture on the step, he urged on Napoleon the desirability of his learning to shave, as he himself might be ill or absent, and Napoleon would not like to be operated on by a stranger. Napoleon was, with some difficulty, induced to try the experiment, but, of course, he experimented only on himself, and did not, therefore, acquire professional proficiency. Very clumsy at tirst, he gradually became tolerably expert. On one point, however, he was obstinate—he persisted in moving the persistence of the pers the consequence.

While not lifting a finger to dress himself, Napoleon dispensed with assistance in undressing; but be flung his garments all over the room-his watch sometimes miss-ing the table or bed at which it was simed and falling broken on the floor. As to dress, he despised dandies, never wore rings and abominated scents, except eau de cologne, with which he was often rubbed, and which was his specific for bruises. When coat-tails became shorter he stuck to the old fashion, until Constant got the tailor to shorten them by imperceptible gradations. He disliked tightly-fitting clothes, found a new hat uncomfortable—though lined with silk and wadding—and stuck to an old one as long as possible. He put on every morning a clean white waistcoat, with knee-breeches to match—he never wore trousers; but as he habitually wiped his pen on his breeches, after three or four washings they were done with. Constant denies, however, the comwaistcoat pocket; he always used a snuffbox, and though he frequently took a pinch, he simply held it to his nose, and then dropped all or nearly all on the floor. His souff injured the carpet, not his waistcoat. Smoking he never tried but once. An Oriental embassador had presented him with a chibouk. It was filled and lit for him, but he merely opened and shut his lips instead of drawing. When at last he was induced to draw, the smoke went down his throat and came out at his nose. He felt queer for an hour, declaimed against the habit as fit only for lazy people, and never touched a pipe again.

WOMEN AND TENNIS. Hints to Lady Tennis-Players-Dress and

The question of dress is by no means an unimportant one. Time was, and not so very long ago, when to see a girl player making frantic dives about the court in a heavily draped skirt and tight waist was no uncommon sight; but we have learned wisdom by experience, and the plain full skirts and shirt-waists now in vogue are certainly as far ahead of the old style in comfort as they are in grace and beauty. One could wish no prettier sight than the grounds of some of the local clubs on a fine day, the bright gowns of the girls and the men's light flannels contrasting charmingly with the green turf.

It takes more than a pretty gown and a fair day, however, to make a tennis-player, and, though to the uninitiated it seems a simple matter enough to bat the ball back and forth across the net, a trial will soon convince them that it is not so easy as it looks. It will not take long for such to find that it requires careful playing and long practice to play good tennis, for one can no more acquire proficiency in the game by carelessly banging the ball about than can one become a good musician by drumming popular airs for amusement. In the matter of choosing a racquet there

are many things to consider. The shape,

stringing and balance may be left to indi-

vidual discretion, but in regard to weight there should be a fixed law. A lighter racquet than twelve ounces does not give enough force to the stroke, and no girl should attempt to use one of over 1312 ounces, for above that weight the advantage, if there be such, gained by the heavier racquet is overbalanced by the difficulty of managing the additional weight. This point settled, the question of holding the racquet comes up. The first step towards "good form"-for of course there is "good form" in tennis as in any other game—is the proper use of the racquet. It should be held at the extreme end of the handle, for this is the only way to secure a free, easy sweep, and not only does this give a longer reach, but the advantage of added leverage is obtained. Closely allied to this is the all-important point of the firm grasp. How many points are lost by the loosely-held racquet, and what a surprise it always is, followed by the exclamation, "Oh! I was sure of that ball, but my racquet slipped." Yes, but if your racquet had been firmly held it would have done its duty. By the way, for how may misplays is the racquet held accountable, when really the power at the end of

the racquet is only to blame? So far as the action of the game is concerned, a girl's play must differ essentially from a man's. This is due in part to the natural disadvantages under which she labors. Of course, her inferior strength and endurance are against her, and her dress, at the best, is of itself a handicap. For this reason, should a girl wish to improve her play by observation, it is much better for her to watch a good player of her own sex than to try to learn from a man, however well he may play, for a woman cannot play a man's game, and any attempt to do so will prove worse than useless.

ABDUL HAMID'S HOUSEKEEPING. Women Have No Voice Whatever in Its It is estimated that over six thousand persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtche

Palace when the Sultan is there. One who is well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's housekeeping. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormons household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or a hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different demand is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for that, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses, or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity; and the labor about the palace is so subdivided that no one works very hard except the lord high chamberiain and treasurer of the household. The chamberlain is mostly occupied in administering to the wants and caprices of the Sultan, and is in almost constant attendance upon him; so the treas-urer of the househould has the burden of the honsekeeping on his burly shoulders. He has an organized force of buyers, who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each having his helpers, servants and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and, as to furnish fish for at least six thousand persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets, such as there are in all other large cities, he has to have about twenty men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy. About ten tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly eighteen shousand pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread-eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace.

The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a supposed that the long equatorial day is stamp, and this is broken in the presence of made tolerable by the heavy clouds that the Sultan by the high chamberlain, who cover the face of the planet. The atmos- takes one spoonful of each separate kettle so sorely, he told a St. Petersburg correspondent recently, that he hardly will have tree the recently will have the foreign editions of his coming works. The German translation he described as "distorted beyond rec-"

Excursion to Niagara Falls \$5, Toronto \$6, feet. Most American indies, on the consequently and small tract adjacent are intensely that of the earth. The poles themselves guard against poison. The food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and and a small tract adjacent are intensely trary, have small and shapely feet, and and Eric railways. Secure tickets early. Apply the food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and and Eric railways. Secure tickets early. Apply the food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and and Eric railways. Secure tickets early. Apply the food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and and Eric railways. Secure tickets early. Apply the food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and and Eric railways. Secure tickets early. Apply the feet of the consequently only the rule cold, but an equable, climate exists between the kettle is set into a rich golden bell- the kettle is set into a rich golden bell- the course and ungainty for the consequently. The food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and and a small tract adjacent are intensely trary, have small and shapely feet, and cold, but an equable, or, at least, approximately equable, climate shape very large and ungainty for the consequently. The food is almost trary, have small and shapely feet, and the feet. Most American indies have very large and ungainty for the consequently. The food is almost tract of the food is almost tract adjacent are intensely intensely feet, and the feet of the food is almost tract adjacent are intensely transported by the food is almost tract adjacent are food in the food is almost tract adjacent are food in the food is almost tract adjacent are f

shaped holder, the bandle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. Each kettle represents a course, and is served with bread and a kind of pancake, which is held on a golden tray by another slave. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table and rarely a knife or fork-a spoon, his bread, a pancake or fingers are found far handier. It requires ast twice as many slaves as there are dourses to serve a dinner to him.

CHURCH VERSUS LODGE. Alarm at the Inroads Made Upon the Church

by the Secret Societies. Congregationalist. What shall be the attitude of the church toward the secret orders which have nultiplied so rapidly throughout the country during the last few years? With many of our churches no problem is more serious or beset with greater complications. The problem would be simplified somewhat if these organizations were made up entirely of men who have professed no allegiance to the church; but the place which the lodge holds in the affections of many a church member is what gives rise to great anxiety. Sad though the confession is, it must be acknowledged that some men whose names are on the church roll habitually give precedence to the secret society over the church. If the meetings conflict, the successful competitor for their presence is the

to be present at a conclave of their fra-At the last meeting of the Verment Congregationalists at Rutland the subject aroused the liveliest discussion of the whole session. Resolutions mildly deprecating the absorption of some Christians in such interests were set one side, because a few thought that the formal protest would be considered a declaration of war, and would embarrass them in their efforts to counteract the baneful influences of these societies. Yet not a man who spoke failed to admit that Christian concerns in his own community were suffering on account of them. Several who live in towns of only a few thousand inhabitants reported from

former. They have no time to spare for the

great religious gatherings, like those at Saratoga, but they will go a long distance

twenty to forty thriving orders.
We believe that Vermont is not exceptional in this respect. The lodge-using the term to include the meetings of the various secret orders-will be found strongly entrenched all through the country, growing in numbers and power, and everywhere detaching the devotion of Christian men from the church, and too often, we fear, from the straightforward service of their Master. Recent figures. carefully compiled, show that Boston has 243 churches to 599 lodges; Brooklyn, 355 churches to 695 lodges; Washington, 181 churches to 316 lodges; Chicago, 384 churches to 1,088 lodges, and the same pro-

portion obtains in other cities. The fact that some of these orders em loy a chaplain and have an ornate ritual that they conduct religious services and preside over funerals, does not make them religious, least of all Christian, and he who finds his religion and his Christianity at a lodge-room and never feels the need of a church, is wofully defective in his idea of what religion and what Christianity are.

FORGOT CANNON BALLS. He Swore Bullets Would Never Kill Him and Won-An Incident of the War.

New York Sun. We had with us in the -th New York a private named Williams, and from our very first battle he used to declare:

"Boys, the rebs will never mold a bullet It seemed as if there was something in it for while almost every other man in his company got a scratch now and then, and every fight reduced the roll-call, he was never hit. At Fredericksburg he stood for five minutes alone, with the men on the right and left shot down, and yet he wasn't hurt. We got around to Spottsylvania at last, and only the day before that fight he cracked his heels together, uttered a crow, and said:

"Boys, we shall have a fight to-morrow and I'll bet ten to one I don't get hit."

Next day, about 10 o'clock, we were advanced in support of some Ohio troops which were hard pressed, and, just as we swung into position, the confederates opened on us with solid shot. The very first ball I saw come our way bounded along the ground, and hit Williams on the left thigh with an awful thud. His hip was smashed to a pulp, and he hadn't five minutes to live. Two of us moved him a few feet, propped his head up, and then, as I put his canteen in his hands, I said:
"Poor old boy! We thought you had a charmed life, but they've hit you at last."
"Yes, I'm done for," he replied, as he drank off half the contents of the canteen; "but, you see, I was figuring on bullets, and the cussed rebs have gone and worked in solid shot on me."

A Cottage at Newport.

Ladies' Home Journal A few years ago the people talked of a cottage at Newport;" but now it sounds like the pride that apes humility to hear one of the great mansions described in such a way. Life goes on as if all was made smooth for him who would enjoy, and, indeed, that is really the case. The very rich families—the Astors, the Belmonts, the Vanderbilts, the Goelets and Havemeyers do not hesitate to lavish great sums upon their Newport houses, and to be entertained there is understood to be much more of a compliment than it would be to receive a card to the most elaborate affair in the city. The finest glass and china is up-on the table, and chefs, whose salaries go beyond the desirable ten thousand a a year, cater to the tastes that are, possibly, satiated with the good things of life. A dinner-party is quite as formal as one given in the city, the hour usually being half-past 8, and the guest seldom rising from the table before 11 or half-past. Then comes a dance-either at the Casino, or some private house. The fancy is to have a "dinner dance"-that is, several hostesses who are friends invite a certain number to dine, and after dinner all meet at the house which has the best ball-room; a few outsiders, usually men, are asked, and after "dancing all night" the beauties start home as the sun is coming up, making the least line of age and dissipation show upon their

Garden parties are in vogue, tennis, croquet, archery and that old-new English game, golf, being played by the younger set, while the matrons are grouped about, beautifully dressed, discussing the pretty nothings that form society talk. Footmen or primly dressed maids carry travs here and there, upon which are a cool cup of tea, thin wafers, fancy cakes, ices and oc-casionally some delicious fruit. When all the world goes out for its afternoon drive, the list is looked over, the garden parties counted, and my lady considers at which she will stop for a little while, not only for a change and to show her own gowns. but to see what other women are wearing and hear what they are doing.

The Stars in the National Emblem. Philadelphia Press. Down at League island navy-yard there has been received the national flag with the new arrangement of stars in the field necessitated by the admission of Idaho as a State of the Union. The law prescribes that a new star shall be added to the field on the 4th of July following the admission of a new State. The admission of the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana had raised the number of stars from thirtyeight to forty-two, and for this number, which permits of several tasteful and symmetrical arrangements, the Army and Navy departments had made due arrange-ments. They had prepared new flags on the basis of forty-two States, but all their plans were upset by the action of President Harrison in signing the Idaho admission bill on July 3, which made all the new flags out of date. Since that time the two departments have been endeavoring to discover how to deal with forty-three stars and to save their old ma-terial. The design emanating from the Navy Department has been approved by the President, and it is this flag which is flying at League island. It shows six rows of seven stars each and the extra one in the upper left-hand corner for Idaho. It is not a tasteful arrangement of the field, but it will have to do until the next Fourth of July, when Wyoming's star will go into the fower row, and make the field look more symmetrical, with eight stars in the upper and lower rows and seven in each of the

intermediate four rows. An Economical Wife.

"I want an egg-plant," said a young married woman to the grocer.
"I'm sorry, but I haven't one in the store

THE SUN'S HEAT. A Theory that Some of 1t May Be Derived from Friction of Meteors.

I pointed out that when a shooting star dashes into our atmosphere its course is at-tended with an evolution of light and heat owing to its friction through the air. We were thus able to account for the enormous quantity of heat, or of what was equivalent to heat, which existed in virtue of the rapid motion of these little bodies. Of course, we only see these meteors at that supreme moment of their dissolution when they dash into our atmosphere. It is, however, impossible to doubt that there must be uncounted shoals of meteors which never col-

with our earth. It must necessarily on that many of the other great globes system must, like our globe, absorb studes of meteors which they chance acounter in their roamings. The numver of meteors that will be gathered by a globe will be doubtiess greater the larger and more massive be the globe, and this for a double reason. In the first place, the dimensions of the net which the globe extends to entrap the meteros will, of course, increase with its size, but, in addition, the more massive be the globe the more vehement will be its attraction and the greater will be the number of the meteors that are drawn into its extensive atmosphere. Of course this reasoning will apply in a spe-cial degree to the sun. We shall probably be correct in the assertion that for every meteor that descends upon this earth at least a million meteors will descend upon the sun. As these objects plow their way through the sun's atmosphere light and heat will be, of course, evolved.

It has been conjectured that the friction of the meteors, which are incessantly rushing into the sun, may produce light and heat in sufficient quantities to aid in the maintenance of the sun's ordinary expenditure. It has been even supposed that the quantity of energy thus generated may supply all that is wanted to explain the extraordinary circumstance that, from age to age, no visible decline has taken place in the intensity of the solar radiation. Here, again, is a question which we must submit to calcalation. We have, first of all, to determine the heat which could be generated by a body of, let us say, a pound in weight, falling into the sun after having been attracted thither from an indefinitely great distance. The result is not a little startling; it shows us that such a body, in the course of its friction through the sun's atmosphere, might generate as much heat as could be produced by the combustion of many times its own weight of coal con-sumed under the most favorable conditions.

The Happiest Moment.

Louise Chandler Moulton, in Ladies' Home Journal. I am curious to know whether a woman into whose life love has never entered can ever have been what I should call happy. I do not think so. She may have found the quiet garden of which content keeps the keys. She may be reconciled to her fate; and console herself by thinking how much better off she is than if she were unhappily married; but such dull resignation is not even first cousin to the rapture of joy. I am old-fashioned, perhaps, in my ideas; but I honestly think that real happiness comes to a woman hand in hand with love.

When she begins to feel that, with one man in it, the room is full, and empty when he is gone no matter how many others may remain, she begins to be tremulously, deliciously, deliriously happy. But that is only the beginning; and if love holds hap piness by the hand, fear stands at the other elbow. A word too many or too few-a smile that does not go her way-and the girl suffers as much as she has just enjoyed. Her very soul hungers within her for some dear certainty. And when that comeswhen her troth is plighted-is that her happiest moment She does not think so then; for she is looking forward to her bridal morning.

The day of days comes, at last, and the new life begins. Is that, then, the happiest moment? Hardly, for the very most loving people who ever lived, are not quite one, to begin with, and they must learn to live together, A year-a year of mutual forbear-ance; of getting well acquainted-a happy year; and now they look into each other's eyes fearlessly. They are one at last, and

for all time! Surely that is the happiest moment? I made up my mind to say so: but-is it? Ah, I think, after all, the happiest moment is when love is a sweet, shy newcomer, and Hope leads it by the hand.

WO EXPRESS COMPANY'S ENVELOPES, Beturn and get reward. 369 North New Jersey st. DLANS FOR A HOUSE. \$5 reward. Beturn to B. F. HUBBERT, 217 Peru street.

WANTED-MALE HELP. WANTED-GOOD SOLICITORS-ON SALABY.
HUBER & CO., 75-77 East Court street.

WANTED-MISCELLANEOUS. TIME PHAETONS AT PLATT'S, SUCCESSOR

WANTED - SALESMAN FOR LINE OF cigars; \$75 per month and expenses paid. Address with stamp SUMATRA CIGAR COMPANY, Chicago, Ill. WANTED-IRON-MOLDERS CAN SECURE W good jobs by applying at once to ST. LOUIS CAR-WHEEL COMPANY, Cabanna street and Missouri Pacific Railway, St. Louis, Mo. WANTED - THOROUGHLY RELIABLE.

W pushing, energetic man, who is willing to work, desires to make money, and will travel, can find opening by addressing JEWELL, 323-325 Dearborn st . Chicago. WANTED-GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND drug stocks, saw-mill, blacksmith shops and grain elevator, at the new town of Henderson, on the extension of the C., W. & M., in Rush-Co., Ind. For information address JAMES H. BALL, Bushville,

ANNOUNCEMENTS. DINE SURREYS AT PLATT'S, SUCCESSOR STROLOGY-MRS, DR. ELLIS, SCIENTIFIC A astrologer, reads human destiny by the planets rising at birth. All there is good or bad of life you can learn by consulting the Doctor at 23 East Mich-

igan street. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. BUSINESS CHANCES. FINE DRIVERS AT PLATT'S, SUCCESSOR FINANCIAL.

MONEY-QUICK-TRY BRYAN, NO. 36 CIR. FOR RENT. FOR RENT - NICELY-FURNISHED ROOM and board, in private family; suitable for two

gentlemen. Call at 269 E. Market. FOR SALE. CINE LIVERY AT PLATT'S, SUCCESSOR TO

CPECIAL SALE Monday-July 28-Monday. One large cherry marble-top sideboard for \$28, worth

wood-top side-board for pillar extension table for \$18.

One eight-foot oak-pillar extension table for \$15.

Oak high-back dining chairs for \$6 per set, worth Monday-July 28-Monday. O. E. WILSON. 77 S. Illinois St.

AUCTION SALE.

A UCTION SALE OF PIANO, FURNITURE, A Carpets, Stoves, etc.—We will sell on Tuesday, morning, July 29, at 10 o'clock, at the residence, No. 227 West New York street, one seven-octave square Knabe piano, three choice marble-top bedroom suites, rockers, wainut wardrobe, center table, stands, Brussel and ingrain carpets, matting, double lounge, ex-tension table, card tables, safe, rugs, cook and heat-ing stoves, bedsteads, mattrasses, springs, pictures, single bedsteads, etc., etc. GUSTIN & MCCUEDY, Auotioneers.